



VOL. III. No. 33.

## THE TIMES GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.  
I Pray for Him.

BY ANNA M. BATES.

When the beautiful maiden Spring Comes over our Northern hills to sing, With her flowing robe of amethyst And her shining veil of river-mist, Loosing the dark blue torrent's rush, And the birdling's song and the rivulet's gush, Weaving green robes for each forest limb, Then I kneel and I pray for him.

Again when the fruit of the cherry tree, Has ripened as red can be:

When the blue flag blossoms by the brook And the king-fisher builds in a reedy nook; When all is bright in the summer glow, I think of the friend of long ago.

When the low wind makes a tuneful play Mid the dark green vines, for him I pray.

Alike, when the autumn nuts are brown And in the woodland dropping down,

And all around is a golden glow As when we met in the long ago.

And when without the winter calls For the frost to rear his pillar'd halls,

I turn from the snow and cold and frost, To count the jewels I know are lost.

Among them, the dearest far away, I do not forget, for him I pray.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

## Marion De Vere, on The Wife's Sacrifice.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

**S**It was a warm, sultry, and gloomy night, in the beginning of July; dark clouds were rapidly filling up the heavens, and flash after flash of lightning flitted athwart the horizon, and the distant roll of the thunder mingled with the noise of the carriage wheels that passed from time to time along the almost deserted avenues of New York, to some of the gay assemblies which in the metropolis are most thronged during these hours when nature has allotted for repose. There were many spirits still awake in that great city, who by the weight of cares which depressed them, could not participate in the artificial and deceitful pleasures of that crowded mart, and Marion De Vere was one of the number.

Wearied and worn out with the fatigues of fashionable life, sick of its pleasures, and standing as it were upon a volcano threatening every moment to overthrow him; plunged in the vortex of commerce and speculation, his thoughts that night were more congenial to the storm and darkness, than the pleasures of fashionable society. For a long time he paced up and down the balcony in Waverley place, as if to cool his throbbing brow and give vent to his distracted feelings. Struggling with disappointments, and the feelings of bitterness which rushed in upon him, he muttered:

"It must be done—come what may, I must tell her; yes, though it breaks the fibres of my heart, and makes her as miserable as myself—it must be done."

Then, as if aroused by his fancies, he continued:

"My God, yet it must be," and then resolved, he entered his apartment with hurried steps.

Marion De Vere was a merchant of high standing in New York, doing business in John street. He was looked upon as an honest man, one who was able to meet all his liabilities; and though old and grey-headed merchants, would by a dubious shake of the head seem to cast a suspicion on his business, as they beheld him plunging into all the extravagances and folly of the day, yet by a majority, no doubts were entertained. His house indeed was furnished in a style of regal magnificence. Splendid mirrors reflected from ceiling to floor, in which the whole form could be surveyed. Latin damask, and rich gilding rendered his drawing room more like a room in a costly palace, than the abode of a man of business. Walter, as he sat within that room on the night in which he is introduced to the reader, gazed upon the useless luxury with disgust. It had now lost all its charms for him. Thoughts of his beloved wife, of the dreadful suffering which awaited her, made him blind to all else. It was indeed to him a fit of terror.

"I believe, so ma'am," was the reply, and with eager steps she wended her way to her drawing room.

With a throbbing heart and an aching brow, she hastily threw aside her gay attire, and wrapping a loose gown around her, glided with soft steps to her husband's chamber, anxious to behold him, though he slept. On approaching the bed, she was struck with horror, perceiving that it had not been occupied during the night. She uttered no shriek, but a pang shot through her heart, and she was compelled to lean against the wall for support.

"His last words—'now or never,' ne-

tones of a happy and indulged wife said: "Dearest Walter, what ails you. Not dressed yet, and knowing too, that I have promised Mrs. Grant to call for her; even now the carriage has gone in search of her."

Gazing upon her with a sorrowful countenance, he replied:

"Marion, would that we had never entered these scenes of gaiety, I am sick of them and, O! if you value my happiness or your own, talk to me no more of them."

Affectively bending down, and kissing her, she gaily said:

"Hush, the old story. Come cheer up man, perhaps a change of scene will be of benefit to you."

"You will feel a change sooner than you expect, for—" but as he gazed upon the smiling, happy creature by his side, his heart failed him, and tears filling his eyes he could say no more.

"The very reason why we should enjoy ourselves before it happens," she joyously answered, and her clear, ringing laugh graced harshly upon Walter's distracted mind—"so go," she continued, "and dress—now do, dear, I hear the carriage, and you know to call Mrs. Grant waiting us by his side, and listen to the ravings of his disordered brain.

It was upon the next day that she, for the first time, heard of the cause of her husband's malady. In an interview with his chief clerk, she was told that Walter was bankrupt, caused by the failure of a large speculation into which his partner had entered unknown to him.

But the most terrible part was, that not only the fortune of Walter De Vere, but his honor had been compromised by the negligence and ill placed confidence with which he had left the management of his affairs to this man, while he himself pursued a life of pleasure. On the day preceding the fall, his partner had left with \$15,000 for which Walter was sole trustee.

She was told that no funds remained to answer the debts, except the furniture and dwelling they now occupied. As she heard all this, she was like one stunned.

"Poor Walter, I have ruined him, never

or can he live and be dishonored," were the first words she spoke, and in such tones of agony that even the clock wept.

"Madam," he said, "my employer's honor might yet be saved if before to-morrow the frust money was replaced. Have you no relative—no friends who would advance—"

"There she is—you must save the news for to-morrow."

"No—not to-morrow—now or never," he exclaimed, as she flew lightly towards the door.

There was something in the tones of his voice, in the wild excitement which gleamed from his eye, which for a moment seemed to arrest her attention. She gazed, and as she did so, she plainly perceived that his brow was clouded, but so often during his speculations had his countenance bore the same expression that she thought lightly of it. She had been too happy and prosperous to understand the language of deep affliction, or ever to dread its approach. Convinced that his present gloom was the effect of some trivial disappointment, she laughed gaily and said:

"To-morrow, Walter, I shall be happy to hear you, so go and dress as soon as you can, and join us at the ball," and kissing her hand she disappeared in an instant.

"Marion, come back, I implore, may, I command you," cried out the agitated man, and starting up he rushed towards the door. But his wife had not heard his voice of despair, and when he reached the balcony, the noise of the receding carriage broke upon his ear. All the concentrated agony of a life time seemed to seize him. His mind was no longer under his control, and unseen by his servants, he seized his hat, and rushed with the speed of a madman from the house.

Marion De Vere was an only child, in the early possession of twenty thousand dollars by her parents, she had been so petted, admired, and loved, that she was impressed with the idea that she was born to lead a life of pleasure.

"Marion, Marion," were the first words he uttered, "you have not deserved me to beggar yourself."

"No mother for that," she nobly replied, "if my husband's honor is saved. It is only that which can prolong his life, and though we be plunged in poverty, the consolation still remains that I have done my duty."

When after a lapse of three weeks, Walter regained his consciousness, he was lying in a small and poor chamber, in the neighborhood of the bower, and his wife watching over him with looks of love and pity.

"Marion, Marion," were the first words he uttered, "you have not deserved me to disgrace."

"Am I not your wife?" was the simple reply, and her tears fell fast on the soft hand, she held in hers.

"Yet would to God I too had died," he murmured "for death is preferable to dishonor."

"Be calm, my dear," she replied, "your friends replaced the money before the deficiency became known."

"Thank God," exclaimed the sick man, fervently, "but who has I thank to for the deed?"

"When you are stronger I will tell you all. We may now be happy. We have both received a terrible lesson."

And these words of the noble wife were a prophecy that remained not long unfulfilled.

When Walter heard of his wife's sacrifice he felt indeed that he was fully compensated for all of his misfortunes by being in possession of such an angel.

Cheered on by her smiles, supported by her love, once more became a wealthy man, and in her bright eyes happy—yea, far more so than when mingling amidst the gay scenes of folly and dissipation.

THE DOOM OF THE WORLD.—What this change is to be we dare not even conjecture, but we see in the heavens themselves some traces of destructive elements and some indications of their power. The fragments of broken planets—the descent of meteoric stones upon our globe—the whirling comets welding their loose material at the solar surface—the volcanic eruptions in our own satelite—the appearance of new stars, and the disappearance of others—are all foreshadowings that impending convulsion to which the system of the world is doomed.

Left his master in bed," was the reply, and with eager steps she wended her way to her drawing room.

With a throbbing heart and an aching brow, she hastily threw aside her gay attire, and wrapping a loose gown around her, glided with soft steps to her husband's chamber, anxious to behold him, though he slept. On approaching the bed, she was struck with horror, perceiving that it had not been occupied during the night. She uttered no shriek, but a pang shot through her heart, and she was compelled to lean against the wall for support.

"His last words—'now or never,' ne-

GREENSBORO, N. C., FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1858.

{WHOLE No. 135.

## WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES. "IMAGINATION VS. REALITY."

BY E. O. M.

[The following poem, by our esteemed young Georgia poetess, was suggested by a comic illustration in an early number of Harper's Magazine for this year. Its delay in publication is owing to its "in-erating life" with Uncle Sam's Mail agents since March.—Eds.]

"Mr. Violet, a romantic Youth, is fond of imagining how he would act in trying circumstances."—*Harper's Magazine.*

Before they were hatched" or his fate would presage,  
Ere the publisher glanced over title, or page,  
Quite certain his novel would soon be in print,  
And worth to him more than a gold-mine or mint,  
But methinks the poor fellow instead, would begin  
To wish from his heart, that he'd never gone in  
To offer to men of good judgment, and sense,  
A thing only suited to give them offence;  
His visions of greatness would quickly be o'er,  
He'd dream of distinction and glory, more,  
After feeling the ton of a gentleman's *Mail agent* since March.—Eds.]

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# THE TIMES.



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SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1858

C. C. COLE, J. W. ALBRIGHT, EDITORS.

Corresponding Editors.  
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WILLIAM R. HUNTER, South Carolina.

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## The Atlantic Telegraph.

The Telegraphic wires sent the astounding announcement over the Union on Thursday last, that the Atlantic Telegraph was a success. The news was so sudden and so quick after the late failure, that the announcement was first believed to be a hoax, but to the chagrin of ill-omened prophecies, it is a veritable fact and is thus announced by Cyrus W. Field, Esq., the able chief of the Atlantic Telegraph enterprise.

TRINITY BAY, Aug. 5th, '58.

On the 15th July the telegraph fleet sailed from Queenstown for mid ocean, which it reached on the 28th. The splice was made on the 29th, at one o'clock, P. M., and the fleet started on its mission, the Agamemnon and Valorous proceeding to Valentia Bay, and the Niagara and Gorgon for this place, where they arrived yesterday, and landed the cable to day.

The cable laid is 1,698 nautical, or 1,950 statute miles long, from the Telegraph House in Bull's Bay to the head of Valentia harbor, and for more than two-thirds of that distance lies in water over two miles deep.

The cable was laid from the Agamemnon at about the same speed as from the Niagara, and electrical signals sent and received through the whole cable are perfect. The machinery worked most satisfactorily, and did not stop for a single moment. Capt. Hudson, Messrs. Everett and Woolhouse, engineers, electricians and officers of the ship, as well as every man on board the fleet, exerted themselves to the utmost to make the expedition successful, and by the blessing of Divine Providence they succeeded. After the cable was landed and connected with the land lines, the Niagara proceeded to discharge the cargo belonging to the Telegraph Company. She will go to St. Johns for coal, and then proceed to New York.

CYRUS W. FIELD.

A dispatch from Mr. Field, dated Trinity Bay, N. F., August 17th, says:

The Agamemnon has landed her end of the cable, and we are now receiving signals from the Telegraph House at Valentia, through the whole extent of the cable. But it is unlikely that the line will be opened for business for several days, or perhaps weeks, as the electricians will require time for a series of experiments with their recording instruments. Due notice will be given of the opening of the line for business.

Mr. Field, on the landing of the Niagara, the 13th, sent a dispatch, through the Associated Press, to President Buchanan, informing him that as soon as both ends of the cable are landed, and necessary connections made, her Majesty Queen Victoria would send a message to the President of the United States, and that the cable would remain unused until he had an opportunity to reply.

The President made the following reply to Mr. Field:

DEAR SIR:—I congratulate you with all my heart, upon the success of the great enterprise with which your name is honorably connected. Under Divine Providence it may prove instrumental in promoting perpetual peace between the kindred nations. I have not yet received the Queen's dispatch,

Yours respectfully,

(Signed) JAMES BUCHANAN.

In all the cities of the Union the greatest rejoicing is manifested. Salutes are fired, church bells rung, telegraph offices illuminated, &c.

THE VESTRYMEN of Trinity Church have determined on celebrating the first successful working of the Atlantic cable by a peal of bells for an hour after the transmission of the message.

ARIZONA continues much disturbed by Indian depredations, murders and robberies, and their being no courts of law, the violence remains unchecked. The intelligence from the silver mines is highly encouraging, fresh discoveries having been made. Tucson was nearly destroyed by the people going to the new placer gold diggings at Canada del Oro, 40 miles distant. Immigration from California was on the increase, and a press was about to be brought from San Francisco for the establishment of a newspaper at Tucson. The people were anxious to witness the result, and expecting a territorial government.

## What a Change!

The lovers of virtue and good order were much encouraged a few years since at the very evident reform in the temperate habits of the people. A tipping shop could not be found in our county, and drunken men were almost equally as scarce, so far as to the public eye. And Guilford county was not an exception in North Carolina. Other counties could boast of an equally encouraging reform, and anticipate the early day when its work might be complete. But the enemies of good order, of good morals, of good habits and industrious principles, have prevailed and a re-action has taken place. And what a change! Whose heart does not bleed to witness such sights as daily fall under their observation; and especially such as we were compelled to see on the day of the election, and the day following?

Look upon this picture, and then upon that. When we were without tipping shops, our people were comparatively temperate—it was a disgrace to get drunk, and the finger of scorn was pointed at the guilty man. The youth were moral, and the parents' bright hope.

But our town can now count her three or more tipping shops—and to see a man staggering along the streets, uttering horrid oaths; or too drunk to walk, wallowing in the dirt, is a scene too common scarce to attract attention.

It is a monster of so frightful mein, As to be hated needs but to be seen; Yet seen we oft, familiar with her face, We first endure, then pity, then embrace, And our youth!

How disappointment tracks The steps of hope."

Is there no remedy? Shall the flood-tide sweep away every opposing influence? Are we not the architects of our own customs, laws and principles? Can we make and not unmake? Reader, reflect.

## Alabama and Mt. Vernon.

The accomplished Vice Regent of Alabama, Mme Octavia Walton Le Vert, previous to the 4th of July last, issued an appeal through the papers in favor of the Mount Vernon Association; and asking that the anniversary of American Independence might be freshly consecrated by being made the special occasion for donations to the Mt. Vernon fund, to purchase the consecrated ground wherein reposed the remains of the Father of his country. Of the success of this effort, we will find the following in an Alabama paper:

"We know not how other States did on the 4th, but if all did as well as Alabama, and if all the vice-regents were as energetic and persevering as Mrs. Le Vert, the aggregate collections must have been very large. We are gratified to learn, as we do officially, that from eight o'clock A. M. until eight o'clock P. M., on the 4th instant, Mrs. Le Vert received seven hundred dollars in aid of the good cause. All of this, too, came from the interior of this State and from Mississippi. It was forwarded to the Vice-Regent here in cordial response to her recent brief appeal, sent forth from the city and copied into several of the country papers. Interior Planters and Merchants wrote in advance to their merchants in the city, enclosing drafts and bills with instructions to hand them to Mrs. Le Vert on the "glorious Fourth," according to her suggestion. One gentleman alone, sent a draft for \$550, either a private donation or as the aggregate of his collections—we are not informed which, but either would be highly creditable to his liberality and patriotism. When we recall how much Alabama had before contributed, in response to the eloquent appeals of Mrs. Le Vert, and add thereto the liberal contributions of the 4th instant, we may be pardoned, perhaps, for indulging a little State and City pride. We doubt if any other State in the Union has done so much, in proportion to the population, in this cause as Alabama—and we do no injustice in saying that the large success thus achieved, is mainly owing to the tact, fidelity, zeal and perseverance of Mme Octavia Walton Le Vert.

It is gratifying to know that these services are both acknowledged and appreciated elsewhere. Her example is held up, by the press abroad, to the admiration and emulation of others, and when the grand work shall have been accomplished—when the home and grave of Washington shall have become the "Mecca" of American patriotism: the property of the nation—her name will stand high upon the scroll of contributors to the great achievement.

We observe by the Richmond papers that Virginia, which ought certainly to be first among the first in such a cause, was preparing to respond nobly to the appeal of the Regent, noticed above."

As an evidence of the zeal and perseverance of Mme Le Vert, as Vice Regent of Alabama, she reports to the Association as the proceeds of one year's labor nearly \$7,000. The city of Mobile, her home, has given over \$3,000. We know not which deserve the more praise, the Vice Regent for her great zeal, or Alabama for her liberality. They are both noble exemplars worthy of emulation.

In a private correspondence from Mme Le Vert, dated Mohr's, J'ly 28, she says: "The sum of the generous men who sent \$550 as a contribution to Mme Le Vert from both France and England would be as of Labrador, severe in the extreme, and ice-bound."

But it is not merely in its vertical direction that the temperature of the Gulf Stream varies. The heat of the current

is in proportion to the distance of the sea from the land, and the temperature of the water is in proportion to the distance of the sea from the land.

On the trade winds, we will give an account

## Leisure Readings; or A few of the best things WE FIND IN Books, Reviews, Magazines, and Papers.

THE SEA furnishes a vast field for scientific research. And perhaps the most successful student and investigator, is Lieutenant Maury, who has finished one of the most valuable books ever written—*The Physical Geography of the Sea*. Its store of information is immense in developing the wonders of the sea; its influence upon the land; and the cause and effect of heat, wind, rain &c. upon the different districts of the globe. As the work may not fall into the hands of some of our readers, we shall take the liberty of extracting and condensing occasionally our column of Leisure Readings such discussions as may prove interesting and instructive.

One of the greatest curiosities of the sea, and which has attracted perhaps as much or more attention than any other, is the Gulf Stream. Its course diminishes from its middle to its edges, but we were not prepared to expect that it consisted of threads of warm, alternating with threads of colder water; so that in sailing across it from America, there is a remarkable series of thermal elevations and depressions on the surface temperature of this mighty river in the sea."

In treating of the influence of the Gulf Stream upon climate, our author regards it as a portion of a great heating apparatus similar to the hot water apparatus which is used for heating our dwellings: the Torrid Zone is the furnace, the Mexican Gulf and the Caribbean Sea the cauldrons, the Gulf Stream the conducting pipe—"From the banks of Newfoundland to the shores of Europe is the basement—the hot air chamber in which this pipe is flared out, so as to present a large cooling surface. Here the circulation of the atmosphere is arranged by nature; and it is such, that the warmth thus conveyed into this warm air-chamber of mid-ocean is taken up by the genial west winds, and dispersed, in the most benign manner, throughout Great Britain and the west of Europe." In support of these views, our author informs us, that the maximum temperature of the Gulf Stream is 86°, or about 9° above the mean temperature; that it loses 2° by an increase of 10° of latitude; and that, after running 3000 miles northward, it still preserves, in winter, the heat of summer, and in this state crosses 40° of north latitude. Here it overflows its liquid banks, and spreads itself for thousands of square leagues, over the cold waters around—"covering the ocean with a mantle of warmth," and carrying with it a mild and moist atmosphere, which mitigates in Europe the rigors of winter, and extends its genial influence even into the polar basin of Spitzbergen. Ireland, says Lieutenant Maury, is thus made the "Emerald Isle of the Sea" and the shores of Britain clothed with evergreen robes, while, in the same latitude, Labrador is fast bound in ice.

But while the Gulf Stream is thus generated, and moderate the burning climate of the north, its beneficial influences are felt in the south. The cold waters from the north descend towards the Equator, and moderate the burning climate in the Caribbean Sea, and round the Gulf of Mexico. These cold currents bring along with them the fish of the northern seas, and thus give the inhabitants of the south a supply of fish far superior by that which is bred in their heated waters. The fish of warm climates, though beautiful and gorgeous in their colors, are soft and unfit for table; while in the current of cold water in the Pacific, called *Humboldt's Current*, which sweeps the shores of Chili, Peru, and Columbia, and reaches even the Galapagos Islands, under the line, there is throughout the whole of that distance an abundant supply of excellent fish. These cold and warm currents, therefore, are the great highways through which fishes travel from one region to another. The whale, it is well known, can not exist in warm waters; but the meduse, or sea-nettles, its principal food, are bred in the warm seas of the south. From the Gulf of Mexico, the great nursery of these meduse, the Gulf Stream carries them in shoals for thousands of miles, to feed the starving whale in its own cold waters.

The cause of the Gulf Stream has long been a problem among hydrographers; and even with all the light that Lieutenant Maury has thrown upon it, we can hardly consider it solved. Dr. Franklin was of opinion that the Gulf Stream is the escape of the waters that are constantly forced into the Caribbean Sea by the trade winds; and that the water thus pressed up by it, was, into a head, gives the current its velocity. While Lieutenant Maury admits it as a fact, that the trade-winds sweep the Atlantic of the water that has supplied them with vapor, and thus drive a salter current into the Caribbean Sea; he regards the cause as unknown why it escapes by the channel of the Gulf Stream in preference to any other. In addition to the action of the trade-winds, he conceives that there are two causes in operation which may explain the Gulf Stream—one the increased saltiness of the water driven into the Caribbean Sea, and the other the small quantity of salt in the Baltic and Northern Seas. The heavy or salt water, will therefore flow into the region where it is fresher and lighter. But the temperature of the Gulf Stream is often 20° and even 30° higher than that of the ocean; and as water expands with heat, the difference of weight produced by difference of saltiness may be thus more than compensated, and the waters of the Gulf Stream be lighter than those of the ocean. If lighter, then they must occupy a higher level than the waters through which they flow; assuming the shape of a roof, or a double inclined plane, from which water will run down on either side—cold water running at the bottom, raising up the cold water bed of the Gulf Stream, and making it shallower in its progress northward. That this is the constitution of this remarkable current, has been placed beyond a doubt. Boats in or near the center, or axis, of the stream, invariably drift to one side or the other, and driftwood appear in large quantities on the outer edge of the stream. Very little seaweed and driftwood is found on the eastern edge of it; and its accumulation on the western edge, is ascribed by our author to the diurnal rotation of the earth.

In its course northward, the Gulf Stream tends more and more to the east, till, at the banks of Newfoundland, it is almost easterly. Its warm waters here melt the icebergs from Arctic seas, which deposit the rocks, the earth, and the gravel which they bore, thus forming banks at the bottom of the ocean. From this locality the stream flows, in a state of increasing expansion, to the British Islands, to the North Sea, and the Frozen Ocean, passing along the east and west coasts of Greenland, and modifying, perhaps to some small extent, the climate of these in hospitable regions. When the Gulf Stream leaves the United States, it varies its position with the seasons; its northern limit, as it passes the south-east extremity of Newfoundland, being in lat 40° 30' in winter, and in lat 45° 30' in September, when the sea is hottest. This oscillatory motion arises from the unequal density of the waters on each side of it—at one time pressed to the right, and at another to the left, according to the seasons of the year, and the consequent changes of temperature in the sea.

The great mass of water which constitutes the Gulf Stream, has a variety of temperatures. The hottest portion is at or near the surface, the heat diminishing downwards to the bottom of the current, which never reaches the bottom, there being always a curtain of cool water beneath. The object of this arrangement, according to Lieutenant Maury, is to carry the stream warm to France, Great Britain, and the west of Europe, by making it pass over the non-conducting cold water at the bottom. Had the stream rushed over the solid crust of the earth, which is comparatively a good conductor, it would have lost much of its heat before it reached the west of Europe, and we may add, it would have been greatly obstructed in its motion. And our author says, "that, but for this arrangement, the soft climates of both France and England would be as of Labrador, severe in the extreme, and ice-bound."

But it is not merely in its vertical direction that the temperature of the Gulf Stream varies. The heat of the current is in proportion to the distance of the sea from the land, and the temperature of the water is in proportion to the distance of the sea from the land.

A correspondent of the Richmond (Va.) Dispatch, describing a visit to Salem, N. C., says:

"Salem jeans is worn in some parts of Virginia. It should be the uniform of the students of the North Carolina University. Southern gentlemen should wear it in preference to flimsy northern fabrics."

A noted Academy for females is here, and those who were educated in it are said to be excellent mothers and sisters."

And the editor of the Charlotte Democratic adds, "Wise us."

Well may Alabama be proud of her bright success!

## North Carolina Election.

On Thursday August 5th, North Carolina voted for Governor, Members of State Legislature and Sheriffs, and in the eighth Congressional District, for a successor to Mr. Clingman in Congress.

The candidates for Governor were Hon. John W. Ellis, regular Democratic nominee, and Hon. Duncan K. McRae, Independent Democrat and Distributionist. The latter was supported mostly by the Whigs, but neither candidate received a full party vote. From the returns received, Ellis is elected by 10,000 or more.

The Congressional election has resulted in a party change, Vance K. N., beating Avery Denison, by a large majority, said to be over two thousand.

*Ashe*.—Commons, Gentry, D. over Harzog, Amer. Sheriff, Roane D.

*Alexander*.—Commons, Burke, D.,

Beaufort, T. D. Democratic gain.

*Alamance*.—Commons, Seales and Rooney, D. elected. Wm. Patterson, Ind. elected Sheriff over Turner, Dem. nomine.

*Bertie*.—Entire K. N., ticket elected. Senate, Cherry, Commons, Outlaw, Henry. Taylor, elected sheriff over Burden, D., Brunswick.—Commons, T. D. Meares, K. N., without opposition.

*Burke*.—Caldwell, W., elected to the Commons.

*Carteret*.—Commons, Rutherford, and Gardner W. over W. S. Mills, Davis, D., Polk, which votes with Rutherford, to hear from Long, D., re-elected Sheriff.

*Carroll*.—Commons, Burns W. over Misenheimer, dem. Plunkett elected Sheriff.

*Catawba*.—Commons, D. over Hall, re-elected Sheriff.

*Chowan*.—Dillard, for the Senate Badham in the Commons. Both Dem.

*Cumberland*.—Senate, Gilmore, dem. Commons McKoy, Barbee and Harrington dem. Sheriff, McNeil re-elected.

*Carter*.—Commons, Burns W. over Washington, Dem. re-elected Sheriff.

*Washington*.—Senate, Guyer, Dem. over Beasley, op. elected in Martin and Washington. Norman, D., over Downing, op. for the Commons. Darden beats the old Sheriff, Latham.

*Wayne*.—Senate, W. K. Lane; Commons, Dorth and Thompson. Sheriff, W. A. Thompson all dems.

*Yadkin*.—Commons, Speer, K. N., over Williams, D., Senate, Dobson D., Bryan, K. N., is no doubt elected. Long, K. N., elected sheriff.

*Warren*.—Senate, Dr. T. J. Pitchford, Dem., without opposition. Commons, Messrs. Messers. Hall and E. D. Drake, Ds. Jones re-elected Sheriff.

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## Correspondence.

### OUR WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 8th, 1858.  
The elections. The success of the Atlantic Telegraph. Presidents return—Sentences on convicts. Mrs. Blunt's readings. Fatal accident. Improvements.

The returns of the late elections now slowly coming in are highly satisfactory to the partisans of the Administration. The defeat of F. P. Blair in the St. Louis District of Missouri is hailed with especial gratification by the pro-slavery men of all parties; and although it appears that Kansas has rejected the Lecompton Constitution according to the provisions of the English bill, it is some consolation to those who labored long and steadfastly for the adjustment of affairs in that Territory, to reflect that the people of Kansas will injure no one but themselves by their blind obstinacy in refusing overtures.

The Great Event of the Age, as the successful result of the Atlantic Telegraph enterprise is styled by the *Herald, Tribune, Times &c.* has sent a thrill of exultation from one end to another of our continent. Salutes have been fired in honor of the event in all our cities, been illuminated—the news has been heralded in innumerable "extox," announcing in flaming capitals "the Triumphs of Science"—the names of the officers and crews of the Agamemnon and Niagra have been held up to the admiration of posterity—in every one that has a particle of pretension or philanthropy seems to have run mad with joy. Just at the critical moment, however, the Newfoundland Telegraph offices have given out the news that the cable had been cut, and these were as yet altogether in the dark concerning the landing of the cable at Trinity Bay. But public enthusiasm had risen so high, so easily by such a mishap, and everybody is sanguine of the ultimate success of the great work. It is a little funny to watch the course of the wiseacres who have been busily engaged for the last two weeks in predicting the failure of the attempt. Some have persisted in refusing to admit the feasibility of the work, and declare that even should the two continents be connected, the line will be far from permanent or safe. Others with more "check" have been the first to herald the good news as the fulfillment of their own predictions, referring to paragraphs published months ago, and very ingeniously forgetting their later and more emphatic prophecies on the other side. Whatever be the result of this attempt, success has been proved by it to be a possibility, and it will require but little of the energy and perseverance of the age to make it ultimately a fact. People are everywhere on the qui vive to ascertain the purpose of the Queen's expected message to Mr. Buchanan. That gentleman has communicated his hearty congratulations to Mr. Field, the Vice President of the Atlantic Telegraph Company and signified his readiness to receive and answer promptly any despatch her Majesty may be pleased to transmit. The President is still at Bethesda but is expected to return to-morrow.

Sentence of death was on Friday passed on Barrett convicted of the murder of Lewis. The day of his execution was fixed 22d. Hoiser and Johnson the murderers of Steep were each sentenced to the penitentiary for the term of fifteen years.

Mrs. Ellen Key Blunt an accomplished American lady of the highest responsibility has during the past week given two readings from the British and American poets at the Smithsonian Institution. Her eloquence is very highly spoken of, and considering the deserted state of the city, her entertainments have been eminently successful.

On Friday morning as some laborers were engaged tearing down the old wall of the National Theatre, the pier that sustained it gave way and the wall fell, killing instantly one of the men at work, and mangling him terribly. Half an hour elapsed before his body could be found beneath the ruins.

The business men of the city are improving their accommodations for the coming winter. Willards Hotel when complete will be inferior to none in this country, and large private edifices are springing up in every direction.

### NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW YORK, July 30th, 1858.  
Ocean Telegraph—Deaths in 50 years—Chivalry—Way of Life—Agassiz—Scandal Case—Strawberries—Cancemi—California—City Baths—Northern Slavery, etc.

The Ocean Telegraph Company determined at once on the return to the vessel to England, to "try again," and by this time the cable is again playing out, and not without a prospect of success. The Niagara, after all the ridicule of John Bull, proved herself a splendid vessel, while the Agamemnon got back almost a wreck! The deaths in this city in fifty years have amounted to 532,000, and of this number 200,000 under two years of age, showing how fatal a pest up life is to young children. "The Way of Life" newspaper, has found its "way" a hard road to travel, and has given up the ghost, and its Fremont editor is cooling off in jail for debt! etc.

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### MARRIED.

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The same publishers issue, in cheap half dollar pamphlet form, "The Yellow Frigate," or the Two Sisters, a novel, by Capt. James Grant, author of "Harrington," and other popular fiction. It is a Romance of early Scottish history, and narrates the marriage of the Duke of Rothsay, afterward James IV., of Scotland, with Margaret Drummond. It is a well written novel, full of incident, and very interesting.

A cheap re-print of a first class English novel, "Wildflower," by the author of "The House of Elmore," has just been published by Mr. Robt. M. DeWitt, New York. It is got up with much more than the usual neatness of half dollar pamphlet publications, so much so that it is a pleasure to read and recommend it. We give it highly recommended by the British press, and find it endorsed by such standard authorities as the Athenaeum, Spectator, Post, Observer, etc. It is certainly a most enjoyable fiction.

Among novelists no one enjoys a higher reputation than Miss Pardoe, and deservedly. Her tales, though drawn from high life generally, where move the selfish, the sordid, the vain, and the vile, are always written with a strong moral purpose and cannot fail to do good.

Seven million baskets of Strawberries were sold in this market this year, being little over half the usual quantity. In our day last week, 1,800 head of live animals were sought for this market, so that cows, calves, sheep, &c., suffer as well as the vegetable kingdom. Thus far the city is quite healthy, and fewer have gone

to the country than usual. "Cancemi," the notorious highwayman, robber and murderer, after being condemned three times, again gets a "new hearing!" His counsel, after withdrawing, with his consent, one jurymen, and trying him with eleven, when he found he was condemned, got up in open Court and denies ever consenting to it! puts in his demurrer, and asks a new trial, which was denied by the presiding Judge, but through another Judge the motion has been granted, though the culprit was to be hung early in September. The name of this counsellor is Blanckman, and I want everybody to know him, and brand him as unworthy the name or place of the profession he disgraces. The last steamer from California brought one and three quarter millions of gold. The Californians are all running to "Fraser River," in the British dominions, or limits of the Hudson's Bay Co. possessions, which promises a wonderful field of the precious metals. The President has sent an Agent out to make some settlement of the dispute about the territory. A set of Paths are to be erected at our docks for the great "unwashed" of New York, a thing, or institution much needed for our immense dirty population in the hot days. There is a species of "Slavery" in this which I never saw mentioned here, but which exists to an extent beyond any "service" such. I mean the "Domestic Slavery" in white families, where girls are kept to close labor and close confinement allowed to "get out" but one time a week, or every two weeks to church, to have no one come to see them, or visit the house, not even a brother, a sister! Thus they feed and clothe themselves at \$8 a month, and are the veriest "slaves" in christendom—and if they get sick for any time, what then? why, if they have no immediate friends they are carted to the hospital! and these people move heaven and earth about "Southern Style."

### WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

### Among the Books.

BY J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

*Osceola, the Seminole—Lectures of Lola Montez—New Religious Novel—The Yellow Frigate—Widower—Miss Parde's Works—Crusade of the Betsy—Life of Hugh Miller—Mrs. Stephens' Mary Derwent—Professor Hackett's Commentaries.*

A new book by the off hand, dashing, spirited author of the *Scalp Hunters*, *Ridge Rangers*, *White Chief*, etc. may also count upon a multitude of readers. The latest work of the same brilliant pen has just been issued in fine style, with illustrations, by Robt. M. DeWitt, New York, and may be very favorably compared with any of Capt. Mayne Reid's most popular romances. The pen of the gallant captain is evidently more active than his sword. All the better! for we would not care to lose the invariable treat which a new work from it affords us. The brief, but heroic struggle of the renowned chief, *Osceola*, forms the groundwork of the new narrative, which, as we have said, is among the best the Captain has written. Mr. DeWitt presents a great portion of the work to the American reader in advance of its publication in this country.

Whatever else may be said of Lola Montez, the notorious, it is unquestionable that she possesses very great talent. When at home her clear ideas of politics and her original habits of thought elevated her to an enormous influence, and she was treated by kings and princes as a substantive power. It is believed that no sordid considerations influenced her, as this power, it is alleged, was never used for corrupt purposes or the promotion of unworthy persons. Let Lola have credit for her talents, intelligence, and her support of popular rights. And let her have credit for her ability to write a good book, as the unique and interesting volume of *Lectures* unquestionably is, from the press of Messrs. Rudd & Carleton, New York. Therefore, while berating Lola as a naughty woman, let not the unprejudiced reader deny, at least until he shall have read the book, that there is merit, undoubted merit, and real genuine brilliancy and wit in *The Lectures and Autobiography of Lola Montez*.

The author of *Which?* the Right or the Left, a religious novel which attracted a multitude of readers not very long ago, has just given to the public, through Messrs. Dick & Fitzgerald, publishers, New York, a new work of similar character and purpose with the title *A Poor Fellow*. The former work of the same author drew out testimonials in its favor, some of them exceedingly flattering, from three hundred clergymen of various denominations in the United States and Canada, and over fifty thousand copies of the work were printed and sold. The new novel is probably quite as worthy of success. The hero is the type of myriad of civilized beings—a man supreme in his own estimation, a man who thinks he embodies every virtue, every talent, every elegance—who fancies that he wants nothing, and yet, wanting the blessed recompence of religion, wants everything. He is compelled at last to confess himself, A Poor Fellow.

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*The Niagara*, after all the ridicule of John Bull, proved herself a splendid vessel, while the Agamemnon got back almost a wreck! The deaths in this city in fifty years have amounted to 532,000, and of this number 200,000 under two years of age, showing how fatal a pest up life is to young children. "The Way of Life" newspaper, has found its "way" a hard road to travel, and has given up the ghost, and its Fremont editor is cooling off in jail for debt! etc.

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At West-Green, in this country, on 3d Inst. by Rev. John M. Gunn, Mr. JACOB MORTON, of Alanson county, and Miss NANNIE WESTBROOK, of Guilford.

